London Magazine
2

THE ART of ELOQUENCE.

A

DIDACTIC POEM.

BOOK THE FIRST.

"Now will be the Seaſon for forming them to be able Writers and Compoſers in every excellent Matter: And thus fraught with a univerſal Inſight into Things,—whether they be to ſpeak in PARLIAMENT or COUNCIL, Honour and Attention would be waiting on their Lips: There would then alſo appear in PULPITS other Viſages, other Geſtures, and Stuff otherwiſe wrought, than what *we now ſit* under."

MILTON'S TRACTATE.

LONDON:

Printed for C. DILLY, in the Poultry.

MDCCLXXXV.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IT ſeldom happens that an anonymous Writer can gain even a momentary Attention from the Public, to any Repreſentation which may reſpect himſelf or his Motives for publiſhing: The Author therefore of the following Poem does not wiſh to detain his Readers on a Subject that cannot intereſt them in the ſlighteſt Degree; but as it is poſſible that the little Piece he ſubmits with all Diffidence to their Inſpection, may not be received with utter Diſregard, he begs Leave to ſuggeſt to them a few Obſervations, to introduce it the more readily to their Notice.

It has frequently occurred to the Author, that, among the various Subjects which come within the Province of the Didactic Poem, there is no one perhaps better adapted to its Genius, than the "ART OF ELOQUENCE." Its Connexion with Painting has been remarked, both by Cicero and Quintilian: And the Affinity it bears to Poetry ſeems equally diſcoverable; yet he does not recollect any antient or modern Writer, that has profeſſedly given it a poetical Dreſs. Tho'

'tis a Subject not inſtantly obvious to the Britiſh Muſe; yet the Bard of Greece or of Rome, where its Effects were more ſtrikingly and powerfully diſplayed than a Northern Imagination can conceive, might have naturally employed his poetic Stores to illuſtrate or adorn it. But the Art, it appears, has never been poetically treated:—And the Author, amidſt his frequent Reflexions on ſo ſingular a Circumſtance, had many a Time conceived a *general Plan* for the Uſe of the Didactic Poet before he entertained the moſt diſtant Idea of aſſuming that Character himſelf.

The Subject (he imagined) might be divided into *Four Books.* "*The firſt Book might conſiſt of general Precepts—the former Part containing—a Delineation of* ELOQUENCE, *as it appears among ruder Nations—in poliſhed Society—in this Country—amidſt its three great Provinces, the Bar, the Parliament, and the Pulpit: Hence its three Eſſentials deduced,* ARGUMENT, ORNAMENT, *and* PATHOS. *The latter Part containing—a Survey of theſe Eſſentials—as forming an* ORATION, *&c. &c. &c.*

The ſecond Book might be confined to the Eloquence of the Bar —or—the ARGUMENTATIVE SPECIES *of Oratory.*

The third Book to the Eloquence of the Senate---or---the ORNAMENTAL SPECIES.

The

The fourth Book to the Eloquence of the Pulpit---or---the PATHETIC SPECIES."

Thus would the firſt Book contain, in a Manner, the three following, in Embryo: And thus matured by gradual Expanſions, might a complete WHOLE ariſe, neceſſarily connected in all its Parts.

But to plan, is eaſy; to execute, difficult. Hic labor, hoc opus eſt. This however may be obſerved, that if the firſt Book be executed with Succeſs, almoſt all the Difficulty is ſurmounted. If the Foundation be well-laid, the Superſtructure will riſe with Eaſe and Satisfaction to the Architect, and the Spectator. But (to drop the Analogy) the Author would prefer a plain Intimation to his Readers, that, if they ſhould not be diſpleaſed with what he has already done, he truſts what he ſhall execute in future, will not fail of affording them Pleaſure. There was a Strictneſs of Method requiſite in the preliminary Part, which, in the ſubſequent ones, may be conſiderably relaxed. The Intertexture of Digreſſions, Addreſſes to living Perſonages, Alluſions to recent Tranſactions, and a vaſt Variety of Illuſtration which the other Books will admit of, would have interrupted this neceſſary Regularity. The Introduction of a few technical Terms in the

preſent

preſent Book was abſolutely unavoidable; but the Conduct of the other three will require no Expreſſions remote from common Apprehenſion. In fine, the Author has much amuſing Matter in Store—but whether it will ever be brought forward or not, it is for the Public to determine. "To their Judgment he ſtands or falls." He hath his Hopes, he owns, as well as Fears—but the latter preponderate. If he ſhall be happy enough to meet with Approbation, he ſhall purſue his Plan with redoubled Energy and Ardour: Or, if what he has attempted, tho' pronounced imperfect, ſhall ſo far ſucceed, as to be deemed worthy of Emendation, he ſhall liſten with Alacrity to the Suggeſtions of the candid Reviewer:—But, if he abſolutely fail, he ſhall humbly kiſs the Rod of Criticiſm---ſubmitting his Pretenſions to an Arbitration he ſhall never preſume to diſpute; --- yet hoping, while he relinquiſhes his Schemes, that his Attempt, tho' fruitleſs, may awaken ſuperior Abilities; and that the faint Outline he has ſketched, may be filled up, at ſome future Period, by the Hand of a Maſter.

ARGUMENT.

INTRODUCTION—with Eulogy on Eloquence—too little regarded as a liberal Art. Addreſs to the Spirit of Athens. General Propoſition of the Subject. Neceſſity of Genius to the Student in Oratory—of Claſſical Learning—of a Proficiency in the Mathematics. The antient Rhetoricians to introduce the Study of the Art—Ariſtotle—Longinus—Cicero—Quintilian characterized. Origin of Rhetoric. The Pupil to turn his Attention from Rules to Models. Epitome of an Oration from Quintilian. The Eloquence of Demoſthenes—Cicero. Inferiority of modern Eloquence. Living Orators however, in each Department of the Art, not unworthy of Imitation. The End of the Art—Perſuaſion—its Object—Man. His Manners and Paſſions therefore to be philoſophically inveſtigated. General View of Oratory as exiſting in ſavage Life—in civilized Society—Difficulty of arriving at Eminence in the Art, amidſt the various Refinements of the latter. Particular Survey of Eloquence in Britain—as influenced by the national Character. Cloſer Inſpection of it as diſcriminated by the Characteriſtics of its three Provinces—the Bar—the Parliament—and the Pulpit. In theſe Characteriſtics (Judgment—Imagination—and Paſſion) under certain Modifications and blended in certain Proportions, originate the eſſential Parts of the Oration—Argument—Ornament—and Pathos. From the Union of theſe Eſſentials in Proportions adapted to the predominating Character of the Orator's Province, ariſes the perfect Whole of the Oration.—Review of the eſſential Parts thus ſynthetically collected from the Human Mind under the Influence of the Manners—in general—and the Genius of the Oratorial Departments—in particular.

The

The Student now to conſider the Means of communicating theſe Eſſentials with Effect to the Object of his Art. For Argument—the Sentiment to be invented and arranged:—for Ornament—the Language to be modulated and embelliſhed:—and for Pathos—the Voice, Diction, Countenance and Geſture more peculiarly animated. Here the great Parts of Rhetoric—Invention—Diſpoſition—Elocution—Action. Invention ſupplies the Sentiment correſponding with the Topic of the Oration, and the Nature of its conſtituent Parts. Diſpoſition (the firſt eſſential Argument in View) diſtributes the Thoughts through the (conſtituent Parts) Exordium—Narration—Confirmation—Peroration. Main Streſs of Argument in Confirmation. Elocution (with a View to Ornament) adapts its muſical and figurative Language to theſe different Parts of the Oration. Action (chiefly with a View to Pathos) gives proper Energy to the conſtitutive Parts—through the Voice, Countenance, and Geſtures. Seat of Pathos in the Peroration. Examples of pathetic Oratory.

Thus are developed the Union and Order of the eſſential Parts in Connection with the conſtitutive. This Union and Order interrupted, as Occaſions riſe. Addreſs to the Pupil of Eloquence—now ſufficiently qualified for entering on his Profeſſion. His Genius armed with the Powers of Perſuaſion—the End of his Art. To theſe Powers he is exhorted to add the Character of Virtue. And not the Character only—but the Reality. Force of genuine Probity in the Speaker—Effects of it on his Audience. The Wreath both of Eloquence and Virtue adjudged to the Grecian Orator. The Genius of Britain encourages the Pupil to aſpire to this double Wreath—more pure in Bloom and Fragrance—and irradiated by the Orb of Glory.

The

The ART of ELOQUENCE.

WHILST Britain's Genius bids the Siſter-Arts
In liberal Homage to rejoice, the Muſe
Full oft deploring thy diſhonour'd Wreath,
Fair ELOQUENCE! and emulous to raiſe
Its ſombre Colours, from their Maſs of Shade,
To antient Luſtre; pants to trace thy Art
(Congenial with her own) amid the Scenes,
Where Orators of old with kindling Voice
Drew Virtue from its Slumbers. Hence the Charms
That into Muſic melodiz'd the Speech;
Ennobled Diction; fir'd it with the Flame
Of patriotic Freedom; wak'd the Soul
To Action; and gave Dignity to Life!

Spirit of Athens, over Albion breathe
Charms not inferior! For here flouriſh LAWS
That foſter free-born Worth! In Union here
(Erſt viſionary deem'd) the threefold Form
Of SENATE lives; yet realiz'd alone
By favour'd Britons! Here RELIGION beams
Her genuine Light! From Images like theſe
Might riſe the Soul of ELOQUENCE to Heights
Supernal, ſuch as Rome nor Athens knew.

Come then—and ſince amid theſe earthly Scenes
Of Policy, the Good of Man requires
The Barriſter's vivacious Powers; and claims
From legiſlative Wiſdom, the rever'd —
The guardian Voice; and pointed to the View
Of heavenly Regions, reſts on ſacred Sounds
Oracular—Come—ſhew, *Preceptive* Muſe,
How Language, poliſh'd to Perfection's Form,
May, thus reſponſive to its Ends, arreſt
The raviſh'd Audience with PERSUASION's Chains;

Where

Where, eloquent in Law, the BAR illumes
Her Council; where the SENATE's Pomp adorns
Its Nobles, or its delegated Sons
(Pillars of Albion)—and the PULPIT's Sphere
More awful, fires the Race, devote to Heaven.

Proceed my Song: And thou, ingenuous Youth,
To whom the Hand of Genius points the Paths
Which Tully trac'd, attend;—for vain the Toil
Unbleſt by Nature. What tho' he, whoſe Voice
Shook Philip's Throne, had Power to brace the Nerve
Of faultering Speech; while Reſolution urg'd
In diſcontinuous Utterance, the harſh Sounds,
Amidſt the Daſhing of the ſtormy Wave?
Yet in his firſt wild Efforts ſhone the Flame
Of Genius, heaven-inſpir'd. With kindred Powers
(Haply inferior) gifted, mock not thoſe
Who hold that Claſſic Science beſt improves
The native Vigour. For unleſs thou meet
The Eye of Wiſdom 'midſt her Olive Shade

Where Plato rov'd; or view the trophied Fields
A Livy painted; or, in Fancy, feel
Elyſian Raptures, ſuch as Maro ſung;—
Ah! vainly wilt thou boaſt that poliſh'd Taſte—
That Knowledge,—which effuſing Light and Warmth,
Charms and invigorates the Soul, intent
On high Purſuits, and ſoaring to the Spheres,
Where ORATORY bids ev'n Myriads hang
In mute Suſpenſion, on attractive Sound.

Nor, ſtor'd with claſſic Treaſures, may'ſt thou ſcorn
The Geometric Symbol, fitlieſt found
To rein careering Fancy; fix the Mind
True to its Centre; and arrange the Powers,
In Order meet, of Tully's Art divine.

Thus when Philology hath op'd its Stores,
Or Geometry—go trace thy favourite Path
Thro' Regions, where the Maſters of thy Art
Nurture the Shoots of blooming Genius. There

The firſt in Critic Wiſdom ſhall repreſs
Each Scion's wild Exuberance, and prune
Its richly-vegetative Growth: Tho' harſh
His frowning Features, yet awhile reſtrain
Within the Limits of his hallow'd Walks
Thy Footſteps; ere thy far-excurſive Mind
Dart from the Portico to diſtant Scenes;
And 'midſt the Turrets of Palmyra, pant
To meet her daring Critic, and admire
His animated Form! I ſee—I ſee
His fervid Soul exulting, as it fires
In one bold Stroke of Imag'ry ſublime,
Figures the cold-vein'd Rhetor of the Schools
Delineates with ſlow Pencil. Yet ſurvey
With guarded Eye, thoſe deſultory Shapes
That riſe, like fairy Viſion, to enchant
The heated Fancy; leſt thy Youth, too ſoon
Tranſported by the Obſcure, tho' great Effects,
Diſmiſs the lucid *Precepts* of thy Art.

For not impatient of Reſtraint, ſtill yield
Thy Genius to the Rhetor's forming Hand,
Submiſſive: Yet if fair Lyceum's Shade
Have long detained thy Steps, go turn thy View
To where the Bowers of Tuſculum receive
Their liberal Father, from a World's Applauſe
Retiring oft, to taſte the placid Joy
Of philoſophic Silence. O revere
That Spot, where many a ſalutary Rule
Of oratorial Wiſdom, from his Pen
Flow'd in clear Senſe and Harmony of Style;
Whoſe more diffuſive Elegance ſhall gain
Thy pleas'd Attention; and refreſh thy Mind
Seaſon'd with Argument, and vers'd in Laws
Of rigid Definition. Nor in vain
Shall he, of later Age, whoſe Science ſtrove
To raiſe the drooping Art, while pallid Rome
Curs'd her laſt Cæſar, claim thy liſtening Ear!
Full oft, as ſtudious Fancy points the Way,
Enter his School in Reverence, and attend

His fluent Lecture—oft in trivial Rills
Diſparted; yet ariſing from the Source
Of genuine Senſe—the Fountain of thy Art.

For deem not thoſe are arbitrary Laws
Of Vanity, ſelf-plum'd: 'Twas Nature's ſelf
Bade them from Truth and ORATORY riſe!
To artificial Syſtems coldly-plan'd
Long pre-exiſtent, ruſh'd the rapid Voice
Of all-commanding Genius; and o'erwhelm'd
With torrent Strength the Million!—while the few
Whoſe Judgment with a calm undazzled Eye
Could note the impetuous Energies, reſolv'd
Its various Form, and trac'd its ſecret Springs;
Diſpelling wide the Obſcurity, that veil'd
Erewhile, the Fountain of its magic Force!

Hence then the Laws to govern all, but thoſe
(How few!) whom Nature bids diſdain Controul,
Pre-eminent in Genius. Now more free,

From

From Rules to Models thy Attention turn—
Mirrors of Imitation! Now releas'd
From frigid Rhetors, catch the ſacred Fire
Of the bright Orator, that riſing ſteals
With gradual Glow, thro' all the unconſcious Frame!
" Mark how he throws with graceful Air, the Veil
Of Modeſty, o'er Merits he diſclaims,
With all the Diffidence of Eyes afraid
To meet the favouring Audience! Mark how clear
Conciſe and unadorn'd the ſimple Facts
He ſtates with ſeeming Artleſſneſs! And ſee
In Subtleties of Logic how he weaves
The various Texture! Mark how ſtrong, he rolls
Sudden his awful Eloquence; or winds
How ſmooth, the ſoft inſinuating Stream!
And lo, the Paſſions his Dominion own
In many a quick Emotion, while they dart
Electric thro' the Crowd, that rous'd—impell'd—
Feel, as he feels; and practice, as he wills!"

Thus,

Thus, while the proud Democracy of Greece
Foſter'd the Flame of Liberty; her Tribe
Of Heroes and of Legiſlators, fluſh'd
With Glory, felt: Then each Emotion throbb'd
Deciſive of his patriot Worth, who breath'd
In manly Strain, that Energy of Truth—
That Greatneſs which o'erſhoots all vulgar Aim!

And he alone, whoſe Soul impaſſion'd hangs
(As if his Hopes of Being center'd there)
On one great Point;—can think ſuch "Thoughts as breathe,"
Utter ſuch "Words as burn;" diffuſe o'er all
Contagious Fire; and faſcinate the Crowd!

Such thro' the Forum the Contagion ran
Where Tully ſpoke,—who, as each Heart diſclos'd
Strait at his Bidding, all its favourite Views
And Sentiments and Paſſions; could addreſs
Its various Feeling; ſoothe its Cares; and ſeem,
Tho' every Thought he moulded at his Will,

To echo but Opinions freely-form'd,
And voluntary Wiſhes; while he paſt
In rich Diffuſion, from the ſimple Strain
To figurative Beauties; from the Flaſh
Of ſportive Wit, to Boſom-thrilling Tales
Of Pathos; Maſter of the melting Soul!

Not ſo the Britiſh Orator commands
His frigid Audience—Ah! how ſunk the Fame
Of ELOQUENCE! and ah—how weak the Powers!

Yet are there ſome, whom Britain's Wreaths adorn,
(The living Models of thy Art) that claim,
Young Orator, thy imitative Toil;
Whether thy ripening Genius would explain
Or frame the Laws, and guard the fleeting Forms
Of Property; or teach the all-hallow'd Code
Immutable, and ope the Gates of Heaven!

Whate'er thy deſtin'd Province, note the Modes
Of thoſe who long conſpicuous there, adorn
Solidity of Matter, with the Grace
Of unaffected Eloquence; who pleas'd
By no adulterate Colours, would diſdain
To hide, in Flowers, the Senſe: There point thy Aim—
It is the Sphere of Glory! Note their Dreſs
Of Thought; yet dare not imitate—ere vers'd
In Law's abſtruſer Volume, or the Tome
Of ſacred Wiſdom;—leſt thy Art appear
An idle Phantom, flimſily array'd
In ſpecious Garb. No—rather pauſe awhile
Amidſt the rich Materials that may yield
Thy MEMORY Stores of Knowledge, in the Line
Of future Action: Hence the willing Words
In juſt Expreſſion never ceaſe to flow,
And luminouſly paint the living Thought!

Thus furniſh'd with Variety of Lore
From Rules and Models drawn, thy gradual Art

Proceeds (developing her firſt great *End*
PERSUASION,—in whoſe Energy divine
The Fire of Action ever lives) to point
Thy Studies to her firſt great *Object*, MAN.

On MAN then ope the Viſta of thy Views;
While at thy Voice, Philoſophy undraws
The myſtic Curtain, that from vulgar Eye
Conceals the Springs of Action; and explore
The Cauſe of every viſible *Effect*
Which ſtrikes the Senſe, in all the varying Modes
Of *Countenance* or *Mien*. The *internal* Mind
Unveil'd, purſue it thro' its *outward* Forms,
Studious to catch each *Proteus* as it ſhifts
In wild Variety. But leſt thy Search
Obſcur'd by complicated Views, in vain
Eſſay from genuine Nature to detach
Thoſe adventitious Qualities, induc'd
By Faſhion or by Art,—go ſeek the Scenes
Of barb'rous Life: Survey the uncultur'd Breaſt

How

How ſimple in its Energies! How pure
From artificial Tincture! See yon Chief
Beneath his Plantain-Canopy of Shade,
The hoary Father of his Indian Tribe
In *Attitude* to ſpeak! And hark—his *Voice*;
Rude Orator! awards in ſolemn *Tones*
The fearful Sentence; or announces, urg'd
By ſocial Spirit, the Decrees of Law;
And now, in milder Strain, of other Days
Recounts traditionary Tales, well-vers'd
In Oral Lore,—or points, while Nature glows
Thro' all his artleſs *Geſtures*, to the Hills
Whoſe horizontal Azure ſkreens his Heaven!

Meantime the untutor'd Hearers, with rude Signs
Not inexpreſſive of the MORAL SENSE
Stamp'd on each Heart—of FANCY, tho' reſtrain'd
By narrow Limits,—or the AFFECTIONS wild
In native Force;—the Veteran Chieftain hail
Their Judge, their Legiſlator, Father, Friend.

And

And yet within a Space how ſmall compreſt
His various Office lies! For few the Wants,
Deſires, Purſuits of Life, where Nature reigns
Sole Arbitreſs! External Objects there
Of Good and Evil, thinly-ſcatter'd, give
Few Images to Senſe; while JUDGMENT views
The Ideas faintly; or young FANCY forms
The bliſsful or the Heart-appalling Dream;
Or, in alternate Hues, the Paſſions throw
Of PLEASURE and of PAIN, the Light and Shade,
Harſh and unblended in the barb'rous Breaſt,
Whoſe every vehement Emotion ſpeaks,
In Nature's Tone, the Impulſes of LOVE,
HOPE, HATRED, FEAR—unmodified by aught
That charms the Heart—yet oft (how frail the Good
We prize!.) blends fatal Softneſs with the Charm!

While thus the riſing Image of thy Art
Cöeval with the ſocial Spirit, dawns
O'er the rude Mind, whoſe inward Motions ſtrike

The Senſe, in Forms unvaried, undiſguis'd——
Lo, where Refinement ſpreads in mingled Hues
Her Varniſh o'er the Character, and opes
Amidſt her World of MANNERS, the warm Source
Of nicer Feelings! Hence unfolding, ſtart
Such Objects into Life, as oft defy
Intractable, the whole collected Powers
Of ELOQUENCE. The ſelf-complacent Air
As conſcious of Equality; the Eye
Of critic Sapience glanc'd, ſuperior, down;
The Coldneſs, that contemns the richer Vein
Of glowing Thought; the ſpeculative Views
Of Reaſon, too refin'd; the Sceptic's Doubt
Perplexing Truth;—and each illuſive Art
Of ſpecious Caſuiſtry, "whoſe manna'd Tongue
While all is falſe and hollow"— ſoothes the Ear;
And Penetration's Inſight that detects
The Orator's Deſign, tho' deeply-plann'd;
And Intereſt's venal Offspring; and the Race
Of Prejudice; and all the lurking Spawn

Of dark Suſpicion—theſe full oft prevail
And "daſh matureſt Counſels:" Nor meanwhile,
Will FANCY vitiated and vain, applaud
Pure unobtruſive Elegance; and TASTE
That feels Simplicity's attractive Grace,
Yet (delicately-ſenſitive) will ſtart
At Spots inviſible to common Eyes;
Shrink from the ruder Image; and reject
(Faſtidious ſtill) the effeminate Attire.

Here too the AFFECTIONS ſpring from Faſhion's Mould,
How chang'd their Features! The Conſtraint, that checks
The negligent Expreſſion Nature loves,
And ſmothers Feeling; the deceitful Front
Whoſe Eye-brow ſhews Emotions, which the Heart
Diſclaims; and all the variegated Train
Of PASSIONS in Aſſemblage; or the Forms
Of thoſe, whoſe ſoft aſſimilating Shades
Melt into Shapes congenial with their own;
And others, harſhly-featur'd, who contraſt

Their

Their never-blending Colours;—ſuch emerge,
(With yet unpictur'd Myriads that elude
The Pencil) from Life's poliſh'd Scenes;—to wake
The energic Genius, which alone exalts
Thy Art, to high Pre-eminence o'er all!

Who then, while ſuch a Meed awaits his Toils,
Would fly to Shades inglorious; idly there
To waſte his Talents in the Lap of Eaſe?
Who, while ſo great the Triumph, would forego
Powers, that might cruſh Corruption; or transfer
From Luxury the ſoft Poliſh, to the Form
Of Virtue, lovelier when adorn'd; or raiſe
The MANNERS into Dignity and Worth!

Erewhile detain'd by general Picture, drawn
From the wild Haunt or ſoften'd Scene; obſerve
How meliorated Life o'er Albion's Iſle
Streams its peculiar Colours;—fond to trace
Amid theſe Shores, the Wonders of thy Art,

That fires the frigid Genius of the North
With quick-enlivening Spirit; can improve
To Charity divine, the lib'ral Caſt
Of Britiſh Temper; turn to ponderous Thought
The grave reflective Bias; check the Hopes
And Fears of fond Credulity; correct
With lenient Charm the irritable Nerve;
On inborn Valour ſtamp the ſterling Worth
Of noble Sentiment; and ope the Love
Of Freedom, more than Patriot, into Views
Of univerſal Liberty! Tho' rare
Effects ſo ſplendid, yet the *impannell'd* Train,
The *conſcript* Worthies, and the *mingled* Race
That catch the ſacred Oracles,—have own'd
Such Wonders,—while their Orator's keen Eye
Search'd, thro' each Scene, the little World of MAN.

Come now—compreſs his Circle, and approach
His varied Line of MANNERS, as they mark
The BAR, the SENATE and the FANE; and learn

How,

How, in connected Series, from the Traits
Of each diſtinctive Sphere, the *eſſential* Parts
That form the rich ORATION, ſhall ariſe.

If then, within the Precincts of the BAR,
Intelligence diſplay the plainer Lines
Of Reas'ning, in the juried Tribe intent
On Points of Property or Life, that teem
With various Facts; and ſtudious to collect
Unvarniſh'd Proof, and trace the Maze of Law;
Here o'er the mental Powers the JUDGMENT rules,
And on its Mirror pictures ſteady Thought.

Or if the SENATE's Dome its Gates unbar,
And opening all its Glories, bid thee view
Refinement o'er its elevated Sons
Effuſe its brilliant Poliſh, and illume
The expanded Mind that builds on Freedom's Baſe
The novel Syſtem, ~~as~~ Occaſion calls
Inventive,—or deliberately weighs

The Fate of Empires, or adjuſts the Scale
Of European Politics—here ſmiles
Awaken'd Taſte; and harmonizing here
With JUDGMENT, glow the IMAGINATIVE POWERS.

Or if the VAULT of GOTHIC Gloom o'erarch,
In pillar'd Majeſty, a mingled Crowd
With Characters, of various Teint, impreſt—
But chief, the Features of unletter'd Minds;
Who, tho' unform'd to reaſon, or diſcern
Truth's Star-crown'd Summit, or purſue the Paths
Of ſpeculative Faith, or taſte the Charms
Of Elegance (howe'er their Preacher ſhine
In oratorial Gracefulneſs) yet feel
The lightning Flaſh—the Vehemence of Thought—
Yet feel RELIGION's Fervors—feel their Hopes—
Their Fears all trembling, as his warning Voice
Diſplays her awful Sanctions in a Strain
That echoes the whole Heart—here—here alone
PASSION, the Soul of ORATORY, reigns!

Since

Since therefore each diſcriminated Sphere
Opens, thus viſibly, the Powers of MAN
Turn'd to their proper Bias, and impell'd
With Force peculiar—lo thy threefold Art
Bids its diſtinctive Orators *inform*
The JUDGMENT, or *delight* the keener Senſe
Of TASTE and FANCY, or to *move* the Springs
Of PASSION: Hence to each appropriate, flows
Cloſe ARGUMENT; or ORNAMENT's rich Strain;
Or PATHOS, breath'd in Sighs from Nature ſtol'n!

Yet as unaided Logic, tho' it links
Its Truths, in ſtricteſt Series, but appears
Inanimate and mean; as every Show
Of Elegance, undignified by Senſe,
Glares but the ſpecious Harlotry of Art;
And as impaſſion'd Accents, that convey
An indiſtinctive Imag'ry untry'd
By Reaſon, periſh like the Cymbal's Sound;
Thy Art yet bids (while ſtill their Care reviews

Aſſiduous,

Aſſiduous, each *predominating* Teint)
Yet bids its Orators, with juſt *Degrees*
Adapted to their proper *Sphere, unite*
Thoſe grand Eſſentials, in one perfect *Whole!*

Here pauſing, let thy retroſpective Eye
View magic Art evoke for thee, the Shades
Of Rhetors and of Orators, who taught—
Who fir'd the Grecian Youth to Fame—for thee
Glance at its *living* Votaries,—and unveil
The Sylvan *Rudeneſs*—or the *City*'s *Forms*
More humaniz'd,—as Chief in *Britiſh* Skies
They modify the mental Powers that mark
Its threefold Province: Hence the ORATION drew
The *Eſſentials*, which accordant with its Parts
Conſtituent, ſhall evince thy plaſtic Hand.

HASTE then my liberal Pupil, to unfold,
In full Diſplay, the *Eſſentials*,—thro' the Means

Of

Of *Sentiment invented* and *arrang'd*;
Of *Language* brighten'd to the *numerous* Flow
Or *figurative* Colours; and the *Voice*,
The *Diction*, *Countenance* and *Geſture wak'd*
To high impulſive *Fervors!* Here appears
INVENTION—with the ſhadowy Tribes of Mind
Innumerous! Here ARRANGEMENT gives them Form,
And ELOCUTION Grace—and ACTION Fire!

O come—wherever Genius (now condens'd
To ſtrong Effulgence) may have fix'd thy Sphere—
While Knowledge bids thee with an Eagle Eye,
The Maſter of thy Subject, pierce thro' all
Its juſt Diviſions, whoſe Aſſemblage ſprings
Created at a Glance—— in Tranſport feel
The lively Vigour of INVENTION pour
As if ſpontaneous, to thine Aid, the Stores
Of *Sentiment*, in varying Weight and Force
Supported, as the ORATION's Topic tends;
In varying Aſpect modell'd, as its Parts

Incipient,

Incipient, or in *mediate* Order, flow;
Or *cloſing*, conſtitute a finiſh'd *Whole!*

And ſtrait ARRANGEMENT, riſing at thy Call,
Diſtributes every *Sentiment* that ſprung
Rich from INVENTION's Source, thro' all the Parts
In ſoft Gradation; and from Beauty ſteals
Correcteſt Symmetry! Hence clear, conciſe,
And ſuited to the ORATION's main Deſign,
The *Exordium* flows:—And regularly-juſt
To Place and Period the *Narration* links
Perſpicuous Action, in unbroken Chain,
With exquiſite Preciſion of Detail;
And yet no trivial Facts, nor aught remote
From current Senſe: Hence *Confirmation* gives
Its ARGUMENT's connected Train, to prove
The various Propoſition; to enforce
Each ſtated Fact; and (ſtrenuous firſt to fix
The Orator's corroborated Cauſe
On the firm Baſe of Evidence) repel

By Refutation's Power, the Caſuiſt's Pleas;
Whether as iſſuing from the *internal* Fount
Of independent *Reaſon*, or deduc'd
From high *Authority*'s *extrinſic* Source,
It borrows plain *Induction*'s Form; or gains,
In Shape of *Enthymeme*, the aſſenting Soul,
Unſtudied while it flows:—And hence the Hoſt
Of variegated *Thought* that ſhone, diffus'd
Erewhile, the Subſtance of the previous Parts,—
Amid the *Peroration* re-appears
Impell'd in rapid Series, and compreſt
To one full View!———Thus oft the JUDGMENT yields
Convinc'd, to ORATORY's artleſs Sway.

But tho' Man's judging Faculty may feel
Conviction's deep Impreſſion, thro' the Force
Of ARGUMENT, in ſimpler Dreſs; behold
The Genius of thy Art here ſcorns to reſt—
Ambitious of *Effects* beyond the Reach
Of cold Conviction, who but aims to guide

One mental Power alone, that oft o'erborne
By FANCY or the PASSIONS, owns the Truth,
Yet ſleeps inactive. No—ſhe reſts not here—
Impatient to diſplay the *Means* to *touch*
The IMAGINATIVE SENSE, and pleaſe the TASTE.

While then ARRANGEMENT ſhapes the embodied *Thought*
INVENTION furniſh'd; ELOCUTION haſtes
To decorate the *Language* with the Charm
Of Periods flowing into *Rhythm*, and give
The embelliſh'd Grace that owns the various Source
Of *Figures* and of *Tropes*—the richeſt Fund
Of oratorial Beauty! To the Scenes
Of claſſic Fame, already, generous Youth!
Thy Mind recurs; where Harmony divine,
With every ſweet Variety of *Tone*,
Sooth'd the fine Organs of the Grecian Ear;
Where Dionyſius or Demetrius taught—
And ſmooth Iſocrates diſplay'd the Power
Of modulated Cadence! There alone

Thy Art was Muſic! Nor did Rome refuſe
To liſten to her Tully's tuneful Strain
That ſoften'd to its pleaſing Flow, her Tongue
Of harſher Genius—ſtill inferior far
To all the melting Melodies of Greece!

If then thy Art require thee to convey
Its poliſh'd Numbers, thro' the finer Ear
To FANCY's Seat;—to chuſe appropriate Words,
And place them in meet Order, be thy Care;
Such, as of ſmoother and of liquid Sounds
Glide in ſoft Lapſe—that duly-cull'd, to round
The Period, and diſtributed aright
Thro' all its Members, muſically reſt
At every Pauſe, proportionately-true,
And fill with Dignity the ſwelling Cloſe!

Yet vain each Effort, ſhould thine Ear, too dull
To feel the varying Tones, diſown the Force
Of muſical Conſtruction—vain thy Toil

To ſuit the expreſſive Cadence to the Parts
The ORATION opens. But the curious Choice,
And apt Diffuſion of melodious Sound,
Directed by thine Ear's percipient Power,
Create (the juſt Criteria of its Senſe
Refin'd) that Harmony the Rhetors term
"*The numerous Style*" in all its liquid Flow!

And now more ardent, ELOCUTION pours
O'er the ſmooth *Language*, that embelliſh'd Grace
Which glows amidſt Variety of *Tropes* —
Which lives in *Figures!* FANCY paints their Hues—
For they are FANCY's Offspring! Yet are thoſe
Her more peculiar Race, whoſe Power transfers
Words new-poſition'd, from their ſimple Senſe
To Import, that analogouſly-juſt
Diverſifies the Style, and throws freſh Light
On each Conception: Thus the *Trope* diſplays
The Mind's abſtracted Images, transform'd
To ſenſible Ideas; and relieves,

Bold as the Magic of the Clear-Obſcure,
Their heighten'd Shapes: While richeſt of its Train,
And ſuited to the Subject it adorns,
Drawn from a bright and obvious Source, yet free
From every mean Alluſion, unobſcur'd
By wild incongruous Mixture, nor purſued
Beyond due Limits, nor in crowded Space
Involv'd, the *Metaphor* its Luſtre ſpreads,
Itſelf a Picture! Raptur'd oft with Views
Like theſe, of metaphoric Fields, the Mind
Expatiates far, where *Allegory* robes
Amidſt her rich Creation, every Form
With viſionary Veſture! Yet beware
Of Charms, that ill-adapted to the Strain
Of graver ELOQUENCE, might beſt inſpire
The Poet's Day-Dream! There may FANCY ſport
On wanton Wing—yet o'er thy chaſter Theme
She ſcatters all her Graces; and to *Tropes*
Adds the ſtrong *Figures*, that *contraſt*, *compare*,
Heighten by juſt *Degrees* the *riſing* Thought,

Addreſs

Addreſs the *Dead*, or *animate ſtill Life*
With Senſe and Motion, or that *paint* the paſt
Diſtinct before our Eyes! Hence *Language* blends
(To Modulation's ſweeteſt Tone refin'd)
In Concert with the *numerous*, every Charm
Of *figurative* Style. Thus taught the *Means*
Of ORNAMENT, be ſedulous to fix
Its due *Degrees*, as ſuited to thy Sphere,
Thy Subject, and thine Audience, and the Parts
Congenial with its *Eſſence*; bid it ſteal
From Nature all her Negligence of Air;
Give it to pleaſe the FANCY and the TASTE,
And with perſuaſive Muſic win the Soul!

And yet tho' more ſeducing than the Sounds
Whoſe ſilver Sweetneſs ſteals on Zephyr, flow
Thoſe Strains of *Elegance* and *Rhythm*, thy Art
Hurries their melting Harmony away,
To where, in all its Fervors, PASSION rolls
Its torrent Stream—to agitate—impel—

And whelm the raviſh'd Audience! Every Grace
Which ſofteſt ELOCUTION had effus'd—
(The *numerous* and the *figurative*) breathes
New Life, as Animation's kindling Light
Shoots thro' the Bloom of Beauty! And behold
Energic ACTION, burſting on the Scene,
Evokes its ever-living Powers of *Voice*,
Of *Countenance* and *Geſtures*, to transfuſe
The Soul of PATHOS, thro' the ORATION, rich
With amplifying Swell! The *emphatic Streſs*,
The awakening *Pauſes*, and pathetic *Tones*,
That mark the Speaker's various *Voice*, demand
Thy unrelax'd Attention. If he feel
The Spirit of the Sentiment that ſprings
From Nature and Conviction—if he ſpeak
With unaffected Efforts to *perſuade*—
Fir'd by the PASSIONS—by the Truth he ſtrives
To impreſs upon his Audience—from himſelf—
From his own Soul tranſmitted into theirs;
Know, all his *Emphaſes* preciſely fall

On each full Word, whoſe dignifying Power
Conſtructive of the Strength of Periods, gives
To Sentiment due Weight—know every *Pauſe*
Dwells at diſtinctive Intervals, to point
The lucid Senſe; or riveting the Mind
To aught of deeper Moment, reſts awhile
Solemnly ſtill; or in Suſpenſe retains
The trembling Expectation it arous'd
Preluſive;—and aſſur'd, that all his *Tones*
Echoing Variety of PASSION, note
The *Figures* each created—go—nor bluſh
To emulate a *Voice*, whoſe Compaſs holds
Muſic's whole Sphere of Melody!—Go—ſteal
His *Geſtures* and his *Looks*, in all their Modes—
In all their fine Tranſitions, from the calm
To vehement Expreſſion,—while thy Frame
Strung to ſpontaneous Uniſon, accords
Reſponſive Feelings! Such the genuine Force
Of Sympathy, transfus'd into a Heart
Unconſcious of the viſible Effect

That Imitation's ductile Power diſplays,
At Nature's Bidding. Yet muſt ſhe avoid
Thoſe Habits of peculiar Trait, that long
Adheſive to her Form, too oft betray
Strange Quaintneſs; and unmeaningly-combin'd
With PASSION's *Air*, obtrude upon its Warmth
Amidſt its brighteſt Fervors. Hence correct
The habitual Mode unſeemly, ere (thy Care
Aſide) free Genius thro' its mid Career
With its own Plume of Lightning wing thy Mind!

Thus while a Spirit and a Manner, caught
From perfect Models, into Nature's Eaſe
Aſſimilating flow—be thine to ſuit
The *Powers* of ACTION to the ORATION's Parts;
Whether the *Exordium* bid thy low-key'd *Voice*
Accordant with the tremulous *Air*, and *Eye*
O'eraw'd, of downcaſt Modeſty, deſerve
The Praiſe a Craſſus ev'n from Tully gain'd
Of unaſſuming Merit: Or more calm,

Narration gives thy ſteady *Tones* to meet
A *Geſture* gradually-compos'd and free;
A Dignity of *Attitude*; and *Looks*
Of manly Candour; and that open Brow,
Where beams the lov'd Sincerity of Truth
Anticipating Proof. Auxiliar Powers
Like theſe, the Orator convokes around
The ſimpleſt Narrative. But if he give
In living Portraiture, the paſt Event
Full to the Senſe; the Picture-darting *Glance*,
And *Motions* fraught with Meaning, and a Voice
More rais'd, expreſs the Viſion of the Scene!

Still varying, *Confirmation* would accord
To more energic *Cadences* of Sound,
Its nervous Proofs; while conſonantly-grave
The firm *Demeanor*, and collected *Air*
Of Wiſdom (who delights to ſit enthron'd
Amidſt the *Eye*'s Serenity) imprint
More abſolute Conviction: And (each Nerve

Of

Of ARGUMENT ſtill ſtronger at the Cloſe)
The Speaker, by a more majeſtic Port
Foreſhews his deſtin'd Triumphs, as he reads
Deciſion in his Audience! Then aſcends
The *Climax*, heightening all the gradual Force
Of ACTION!—And *imperſonated Forms*
Change his own Manner to the Modes, that ſuit
Their imag'd Attributes—while JUDGMENT pours
From FANCY's rainbow-tinctur'd Vaſe, the Stream,
Fann'd by the Breath of PASSION, as it falls!

But if the *Peroration* more inſpir'd,
In the full Energy of PATHOS riſe,—
Say, can poetic Pencil trace the Modes
Of ACTION, gliding thro' the enthuſiaſt Frame;
While the Soul ruſhes thro' the glancing *Eye*;
And while in every *Motion* it appears
Irradiating the *Geſtures*; and as Charm
Of Wizard Spell, the Wonders of thy *Voice*
Strike deep PERSUASION? Then—'tis then alone

The penetrating Mind enkindled ſees
Its Object clad in Greatneſs; and conceives
In all the bold Felicity of Thought,
The high Deſign; and raiſes the whole Powers
Ev'n to an Elevation not their own!
'Tis then the Genius of thy Art deſcends
In rapid Light;—and waving o'er the Crowd
Its magic Effluence, darts thro' ev'ry Breaſt
Or HATRED, as abhorrent of the Form
The averted ACTION loaths; or ANGER, caught
From the fir'd *Eye*, and agitated *Air*;
Or FEAR's blank Wildneſs! 'Tis at ſuch an Hour,
That, TERROR ſhot into a Cæſar, ſhake
His cold Lips, and his palſied Hand lets drop
Its Papers,—vainly-graſping; while the *Tones*
Of Tully's *Voice* unman the intrepid Soul,
That, 'midſt the Shock of Armies, cou'd command
Tiſiphone and Death! 'Tis then alone
That many a PASSION hovers o'er the Fate
Of Patriots;——Such as tremble in thy Traits,

Great

Great Artiſt, where in all the mellow Light
Of Glory and of Years, a Chatham falls;
Still ſtrenuous with his dying *Voice* to ſave
His Albion's Fame, and eloquent in Death!
Lo! thro' the SENATE glides the pale Alarm
In each Gradation of Diſtreſs—the Muſe
Would feebly copy from the melting Teints
The Pencil breathes; tho' emulous to draw
Thy Shade of filial Anguiſh from the Groupe
Ingenuous Youth, as ſinks the expiring Flame
Of patriot Spirit, that erelong ſhall burn
Reviv'd in thee! O deſtin'd ſoon to riſe
With all thy Father's ELOQUENCE and Worth—
The Saviour of thy Country,—while no more
The venal Hydra fronts thy manly Strain,
Thy Dignity of Aſpect,—and diſmay'd
The Hoſt of democratic Faction flies!

Meanwhile, (as thus arous'd the Tribe of PAIN
Expreſſion's gloomier Shades effuſe) to trace

The Progeny of PLEASURE to their Source,
And paint their Features viſibly to View
Of equal Skill;—can ELOQUENCE inſpire
The gentler *Tones* of GRATITUDE; or raiſe
The ſweet—the ſmiling *Aſpect* of ESTEEM,
In every Face; as delicately-touch'd
Thy Portrait, lov'd Benevolence, appears;
Or, public Virtue, thine! Nor ſteals in vain
The ſoft Infection thro' the feeling Crowd,
When all the ſympathizing ACTION pleads
For the poor Captive, who in dreary Gloom
Pines Life away—full many a lingering Year
Shut from Heaven's Light! There never Weſtern Breeze
Breathes thro' the fever'd Air, or Evening-Ray
Gilds his pale Cell! Yet PITY crowns the Strain,
The Luſtre of her Cherub Eye ſuffus'd
With Tears! Yet fair HOPE o'er thy Audience beams
(As if the Chain of Miſery were their own)
And bids the lovely Scenes expanding, hail
Of Liberty and Life! But ſtill *Effects*

Far

Far greater, mark the Aſſembly; when in Aid
Of oratorial Talents, is unveil'd
The Speaker's own peculiar Fate, that falls
In Nature's *Tone*, and heighten'd by the Force
Of correſponding Objects, on the Senſe;
In each fine *Attitude* and *Air*, to ſtrike
The mingling Chords of PASSION! Such the Strings
Where quick Vibration ran thro' every Note,—
When erſt, (her Kingdom tottering) when purſu'd
By hoſtile Powers, the fair Thereſa fled
Amidſt the Hungarian Council—and diſplay'd
(With all the Eloquence of youthful Charms
Touch'd by Diſtreſs) her Infant of her Griefs
Unconſcious, yet more eloquent than all—
'Twas then, the AFFECTIONS, blending as they roſe,
Ruſh'd forth—then PITY throbb'd in every Breaſt—
And Love diſſolving at the ſparkling Glow
Of Beauty's Tears;—and REVERENCE for the Form
Of Royalty—its hallow'd Purple rent
Thus rudely—and fierce ANGER at her Foes;

While

While drawn aloft to VENGEANCE, in one Blaze
The Lightning of their Sabres flaſh'd around—
And "Let us die"—(unanimous they cried)
"Die for our Queen Thereſa!" Triumph opes
The ſounding Portals; as PERSUASION's Voice
The hoſtile Spirit rouſing, bids it ſeize
The plumed Caſque; and blow the Trump of War!

But not reſtrain'd to *raiſe* the impaſſion'd Tribe
Of PLEASURE and of PAIN, in *ſimple* Shape
Or variouſly-*combin'd*; thy Art aſpires
To *quench* the Emotions of the Soul—to calm
The Turbulence of PASSION! Many a Tale
Of old, will give to thee the Million's Rage
Charm'd into Peace! Thy necromantic Wand
Arreſts the Madneſs of the Monſter-Crowd,—
And lo, as Lightning-ſtruck, Sedition dies!

And ſtill thy Art, more potent, (as allay'd
The Tumult ſinks) can breathe into the Soul

Affections, that contraſt their Hues with thoſe
It erſt ſubdued—turn SORROW to DELIGHT,
PERPLEXITY to CONFIDENCE,—and ſoothe
Ev'n VENGEANCE into MERCY, while ſhe ſteals
The ruthleſs Dagger from the Deſpot's Graſp!

And as the *Chriſtian* Orator unfolds
The Radiance of ſublimer Views, to point
Aſpiring FAITH; and kindling in the Soul
The ſacred PASSIONS, baniſh Earth-born Care;
See, as a Raphael paints the *uplifted Hand*
And *Attitude*, alluring to the Skies——
See, in the Athenian Multitude, the Race
Of PREJUDICE, and VANITY, DISDAIN,
And SCEPTIC WISDOM fly! And lo a Band
With Cinctures floating in Heaven's Light, appear—
HUMILITY; and HOPE, that gilds the Scene
Of Paradiſe in Proſpect; holy JOY;
And ADMIRATION fix'd in eager Gaze;

While every Pagan from the Death of Sin
Wakes to new Life, and hails the *Chriſtian* God!

Such are the *Effects* of ACTION, in the Fields
Of oratorial Fame! And ſuch the Powers
(Pure or from foreign or theatric Air)
Which Nature gives her Children——while a *Look*,
A *Tone*, a *Geſture*, conjures up the Hoſt
Of MEMORY, to transfix the conſcious Heart.
But if the Force of *Sentiment*, *arrang'd*
In beauteous *Order*—and of *Language*, *dreſt*
In *elegant* Attire, with thoſe combine——
The fire-fraught Urn of ELOQUENCE devolves
Its rapid Wave, and Nations catch the Flame!

THUS then the *Eſſentials* hath the Muſe unveil'd
Preceptive:—Studious thou, meanwhile, to trace
Their *Union* and their *Order*, as thy Sphere
And Genius of the juſt ORATION wills;

Except where verſatile Occaſion's Turn,
Or ſudden Impulſe of thy Audience points
A devious Courſe: For oft, their due Degrees
Abandon'd, one *Eſſential* ev'n excludes
The reſt; or ARGUMENT perhaps uſurps
The Throne of PATHOS; or the PASSIONS, free
From previous Forms, as high Emergence calls,
Burſt on a Catiline's devoted Head
Impetuous: Such thy Genius, now matur'd
To Nerve of claſſic Vigour, feels—erelong
In quick Accordance with that Senſe, to ſeize
The golden Moment, as thy Practice adds
Activity to Strength. And now ſurvey
That Genius arm'd with high PERSUASION's Power—
The Power of Human Conduct! Awful Truſt!
Yet haply thine! And O if doom'd to guide,
Bleſt Arbiter of Good, the moral Scale;
Whether thy Care to vindicate the Rights
Of outrag'd Innocence, and cruſh the Fiends
That weave the Belial-Artifice; or ſtem

In evil Hour, Corruption's torrent Tide;
Or ſhine the ſacred Delegate of Heav'n;—
O be thy Study to impreſs on all
The Features of thy honeſt Worth, and gain
The Fame of Virtue! Hence PERSUASION draws
New Dignity and Grace! Attention hangs
Enamour'd on the Muſic of a *Voice*
Inſpir'd by genuine Probity; and breath'd
From all-eſſential Goodneſs! Such the Charms
Of Virtue!—Yet her Semblance, uninform'd
By the warm Heart, how vain! O feed the Fires
That glow in generous Boſoms! Be thy Care
To give each exemplary Deed the Force
Of Truth, and plain Sincerity of Soul!
For there's an Energy in conſcious Worth—
A noble Daring, (but to Virtue's Race
Unknown) that kindles thro' the Crowd, the Flame
Of emulative Merit; ſpreads around
A kindred Feeling; and impells the Mind
To all that high Activity, the Source

Of happieſt Execution. Such the Fire
Of other Days, while Greece ſurvey'd her Sons
Crown'd, awful Victors, with the double Wreath
Of ELOQUENCE and VIRTUE! Lo more pure
In Redolence and Bloom, to GLORY's Orb
The awaken'd Genius of thy Country gives
That Wreath: And warm with Rapture as ſhe waves
Its Heav'n-born Luſtre —" Be it thine (ſhe cries)
" Auſpicious Youth (to nobler Deeds foredoom'd)
" To merit all the renovated Rays;
" And thus, reflected by thy brighter Brows,
" Be more than Grecian Meed thy Albion's Fame."

THE END.

ILLUSTRATIONS.*

Page 2. Verse 17.

[(Erſt viſionary deem'd) the threefold Form.]

Statuo eſſe optimè conſtitutam rempublicam, quæ ex tribus generibus illis—REGALI OPTIMO et POPULARI—modice confuſa.

Cicero.

Cunctas Nationes et urbes, populus aut priores aut ſinguli regunt: Delecta ex his et conſtituta reipublicæ forma LAUDARI FACILIUS QUAM EVENIRE.

Tacitus.

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Page 3. Verse 35.

[——— Where the Senate's Pomp adorns
Its Nobles ———]

Adoleſcentes nobiliſſimi! dici non poteſt, ea ſtudia quanto olim vobis ORNAMENTO futura ſint; cum vos, et generis veſtri nobilitas et veſtra virtus ad reipublicæ gubernacula admoverit.

Muretus.

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Page 3, Verse 49.

[———Claſſic Science beſt improves
The native Vigour———]

Ὀυ γὰρ ἂν φάιης, απροσδεῆ τον Σὺνετον εἶναι τῆς τεχνης καὶ Διδασκαλιάς ὢν ἀγνοει.

Lucian.

* The Author might have thrown together a far greater Number of Quotations from antient Writers on Rhetoric: Perhaps he has omitted ſome, which might have better illuſtrated his Subject—but he refers his Readers to the copious Treatiſes themſelves of thoſe admirable Maſters in the Art.

PAGE 4. VERSE 56.

[That Knowledge,—which effuſing Light and Warmth.]

Thoſe grave Sciences, Logic and RHETORIC—the one for Judgment, the other for ORNAMENT, doe ſuppoſe the Learner RIPE for both: Elſe it is, as if one ſhould learne to weigh or meaſure, or to paint the winde.

Lord Verulam.

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PAGE 7. VERSE 115.

[To artificial Syſtems coldly-plan'd
Long pre-exiſtent ———]

Non eloquentiam ex artificio, ſed artificium ex eloquentiâ natum.

Cicero.

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PAGE 9. VERSE 146.

[Thus while the proud Democracy of Greece
Foſter'd the Flame of Liberty——]

Θρέψαι τι γὰρ ικανῆ τὰ φρονήματα τῶν μεγαλοφρόνων ἡ ΕΛΕΥΘΕΡΙΑ.

Longinus.

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PAGE 9. VERSE 152.

That Greatneſs, which o'erſhoots all vulgar Aim.]

To regulate the Motions of an Athenian Populace—to rivet Attention and enforce Perſuaſion—to excite the Affections as Occaſions riſe—to fire the Soul with Rage, depreſs it with Shame, ſoothe it with Pity, or overwhelm it with Grief—theſe ſurely muſt have required an intuitive Knowledge of the Heart—a peculiar Velocity of Conception—and (it ſhould ſeem) a SUBLIMITY of IMAGINATION, of the neareſt Affinity with the Poetic Fancy, and adequate to its loftieſt Flights: Yet Demoſthenes was no Poet; and Cicero felt the "Enthuſiaſm of Poetry without the Inſpiration."

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PAGE 9. VERSE 158.

[Such thro' the Forum the Contagion ran
Where Tully ſpoke———]

Delectari ante eum pauciſſimis, mirari vero neminem poſſis, niſi aut ab illo viſum, aut qui illum viderit.

Paterculus.

PAGE 21. VERSE 377.

[——— Or ORNAMENT's rich Strain.]

Disertis satis (est) dicere quæ oporteat; ORNATE autem dicere, proprium est eloquentissimi.

Quintilian.

Yet ORNAMENT is to be adopted even by the Senator with considerable Limitations. Doubtless his chief Object is TRUTH. Ornament, "where Truth is exil'd"—deserves no other Character than what is conveyed in that well-known Censure of *Thucydides*—apparently glanced at his Predecessor in History. ὅτι ὡς λογογράφοι ξυνέθεσαν ἐπὶ τὸ προσαγωγότεροι τῇ ἀκροάσει, ἢ ἀληθέστεροι, &c.

Qui distincte, qui explicate, qui abundanter, qui illuminate, et rebus et verbis dicunt—id est, quod dico ORNATE.

Cicero.

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PAGE 21. VERSE 384.

[———Impassion'd Accents———]

Eloquentiam quæ ADMIRATIONEM non habet, nullam judico.

Cicero.

Ille, qui saxa devolvat, et pontem indignetur, et ripas sibi faciat, multus et torrens—coget ire qua rapit.

Quintilian.

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PAGE 22. VERSE 389.

[Yet bids its Orators, with just *Degrees*
Adapted to their proper *Sphere*——]

Magni judicii—summæ etiam facultatis esse debebit moderator ille et quasi temperator hujus TRIPARTITÆ VARIETATIS.

Cicero.

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PAGE 30. VERSE 342.

[In Concert with the *Numerous*, every Charm
Of *figurative* Style———]

Κάλλως——ἀπαγγελίας καὶ τάχους αἰσθάνεσθαι, καὶ μεταφορᾶς ὀνομάτων καὶ ἁρμονίας, καὶ τῶν ἄλλων οἷς ὁ λόγος ἀγάλλεται, χάριν μὲν ἡγούμεθα καὶ οὐκ ἀτερπες.

Plutarch.

PAGE 32. VERSE 385.

[————————assur'd that all his Tones
Echoing Variety of Paſſion ————]

Omnes voces, ut nervi in fidibus, ita ſonant, ut a motu animi quoque ſunt pulſæ.

Cicero.

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PAGE 33. VERSE 614.

[The Praiſe a Craſſus ev'n from Tully gain'd
Of unaſſuming Merit ————]

'Tis not indeed in the Exordium only that the Orator is to appear modeſt and unaſſuming: He is to preſerve a certain Degree of Diffidence, through his whole Deportment. To ſet out with the tremulous Tone of apparently modeſt Apprehenſion—but ſoon after to proceed with ſuch Inflexions of the Voice as denoted a Conſciouſneſs of Superiority,—and with an Air that, confidently-obtruſive, ſeemed to exact Applauſe as his Due—this was the Manner of Cicero. The Diffidence of his Exordia was aſſumed: And whatever is aſſumed, is unamiable. *Plutarch* very juſtly obſerves, Ἰσχύειν μὲν γὰρ δια λογε τον πολιτευόμενον ἀναγκαῖον, ἀγαπᾶν δὲ ἀγενὲς καὶ λιχνεύειν τὴν απὸ τᾶ λογᾶ δόξαν.

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PAGE 35. VERSE 647.

[Say, can poetic Pencil trace the Modes
Of ACTION————————]

Of ACTION Quintilian has treated diffuſely in the third Chapter of his eleventh Book—the moſt ingenious Part perhaps of the Work.

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PAGE 40. VERSE 736.

[" Die for our Queen Thereſa!"————]

Moriamur pro *rege* noſtro Maria Thereſa. Mr. Hayley might have recommended to his Friend, this Incident of Maria Thereſa, as a fine Subject for Hiſtorical Painting. The Author does not recollect that any Uſe has been hitherto made of it, either by the Painter or the Poet.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE 41. VERSE 760.

[See, as a Raphael paints the *uplifted Hand.*]

Alluding to that inimitable Cartoon of Raphael, in which is repreſented St. Paul, preaching at Athens.

'Tis to be lamented that the Cartoons (for a View of which foreign Virtuoſi have purpoſely viſited this Country) are no longer acceſſible—but to a few.